

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

"How very lonely it seems to-night, mother," said Mabel Richardson, as she and her mother sat alone in the deepening twilight. Both had been silent for some moments, occupied with their own thoughts; and each, face to a careful observer or student of physiognomy, would have been marked for the sadness of expression—a wish to know why one so young as Mabel Richardson should have broken the painful silence with a term so indicative of deep feeling and inexpressible sorrow. Although Mrs. Richardson endeavored to hide her feelings from her child by feigning indifference, yet her face and voice could not deceive the careful observer as she asked:

"Why should you feel any more lonely this evening than any other, Mabel?" "All day long my heart has been heavy, even the wind moans to me like the moans of a griefed child that refuses to be comforted, and fills my soul with sadness. Old memories that I have vainly sought to keep within their locked chambers come crowding upon my brain as if refusing to longer heed my bidding, and bring the gentle face of my early friend, who, nine years ago to-night, left me in agony and tears. Mother, just nine years ago to-night, she left me away!"

"Mabel, why do you speak of her? That very night you were forbidden to ever take her name upon your lips, or utter it in your home. Has it been that long that you have forgotten her that have deceived myself?"

Mrs. Richardson was very pale as she said this, and turned her head away that Mabel might not discover how great was her agitation, or the effort it was to her to feign indifference and displeasure.

"You certainly deceive yourself, my dear mother, in thinking for a moment that I had entirely or could forget my sister Alice. Although I was but 8 years of age, I remember the night she came to my bedside and kissed me and left as though her heart would break. She bade me good-by, and her last words to me were: 'Mabel, do not forget your unhappy sister. We part, perhaps, forever. Let not the cruel world teach you to believe me wholly vile.' She was so gently agitated I well knew, although I was only a child, and I wept until the morning's dawn because I knew that Alice was wretched. Before she went into the cold and darkness, she knelt beside my bed and prayed long and fervently. That prayer I have not forgotten. It was the earnestness of a helpless soul. It was so indelibly impressed upon my young mind that a lifetime can never take one tittle of it from my memory. She prayed for father and for you, mother; and when she breathed your name, she buried her face in the pillow, and moaned as only a sorrowful woman can moan. Child that I was, I well remember how I kissed her cheeks, wet with tears, and smoothed her dark hair, thinking to quiet the tumult that was raging fiercely within her heart; and when I entered her to weep no more, she folded her arms about me, and the agony of her voice is in my ears now, as I recall her words: 'Mabel, do not let the story of my weakness estrange you from me in the years to come. Ever be my sister, though we never meet. Say you'll love me, love me!' And mother, I promised her that I would ever keep her in sisterly remembrance. My vow has been faithfully kept, for I care not what was her fault, or shame, the same blood that has kept my heart and being alive all these years, is in her veins. We have the same father, the same mother. All day I've thought of her. To-night the wind seems to be but the echo of that night when Alice left us, and although you and father have both forbidden me to speak of her, yet I can not think that your mother-heart has not yearned for your child. Mother! these nine years have changed you. The lines of sorrow and anxiety are deeply marked in every feature of your face. Tell me I am not wrong in what I say."

"My child, you know not the struggle it has cost me in my efforts to appear cheerful, for my thoughts all these years have never deserted my child. Her face was ever followed me; her sad, reproving eyes in my dreams have ever haunted me. Oh, Mabel, do not for one moment think a mother can so easily forget a child. God alone knows how much I have suffered in these years of anxiety. Now I have longed to fold my arms about her, to feel that she was indeed with me! It was no fault of mine. Your mother was too proud to overlook her weakness, and his word was law in our house. I entered him not to forsake her, but my words were of no avail. I asked to send her out into the world unprotected, a father's house hidden her! I knew how cold and cruel the world was to the erring, and I begged to fold my arms about her and keep her from the scorn and sneers of a wicked world—a world that has no sympathy for the weak. Oh! Alice! Alice! said Mrs. Richardson wept tears such as only misery weeps.

"Mother," said Mabel, soothingly, "do not weep. Tell me why Alice left us, and I will forget—no—I'll cease to speak of her you."

"To-morrow my child. Ask me no more now. God save you the experience of your mother. Pray for it, Mabel; even as I do. Good night."

That night Mabel slept but little. If Alice had suffered all these years, her mother had not escaped grief. With these thoughts and her mother's agitation uppermost in her mind, Mabel was restless and uneasy. It was early dawn; and seating herself at her window, she was gazing listlessly out into the street. Now and then a gardener's cart rattled along the road, and an occasional twitter of birds in the tree beneath her window attracted her attention; and bending to catch a glimpse of her early visitors, the sorrowful tone of a little mendicant directly under her lattice caused her to stop for a moment in wonder. The large eyes were looking imploringly into her own.

"Please, ma'am, will you give me a piece of bread?"

There was something in the manner of the little mendicant that attracted Mabel's notice. Was it because at that

moment she was feeling so wretchedly herself? "That face is not one of an impostor, those delicate fingers tell me no falsehoods, in their meagerness," said Mabel, mentally, as she inquired, "What is your name?"

"Mabel Graham," replied the child timidly.

"Have you any parents?" "I have a mother, but she is so ill. She said she was hungry and cold, and for me to see if I could get her something to eat, for she should die. Oh! I don't want my mother to die!" And the poor child began to cry.

"Do not cry," said Mabel, compassionately. "It is early, but I'll go and see your sick mother."

The child looked up in astonishment. "Why we live in a little room—not such a nice, large house as this."

"Never mind that," replied Mabel. "I will go and see what I can do for your mother. You lead the way and I will follow. But stop, are you not hungry?"

"Yes, ma'am, a little. I have had nothing to eat for two days, but I could not tell mother, for she would cry and say she did not know what would become of me after she was gone."

Mabel gave her some food, and then proceeded on her errand of mercy. The room was low and small. The only article of furniture, an old cook-stove, a rough table, and one chair, while upon a straw mattress in a dark corner of the room lay a poor emaciated woman in the last stages of consumption. Upon seeing Mabel, she reached out her hand feebly and said: "I have not a very inviting place to receive you."

"You are very ill. Do not let my presence distress you," Mabel answered, "for I came, hoping to relieve your sufferings if possible."

"You are very kind, but it will soon be over. I'm nearly done with this life." Turning and looking up into Mabel's face, she said: "My days are numbered; and yet, if it had been the will of God, I should have chosen to stay a few more years for my child's sake."

She paused, and looking anxiously at the little woman figure, drew her closely to her breast and folded her arms about her. Her pale lips moved, and occasionally the words "Lord and Savior" were heard. Enough to know that the dying mother was entreating Divine aid for the child she was soon to leave alone in the world.

"Is there anything more sad?" thought Mabel Richardson, as she gazed upon the solemn scene with tearful eyes. The little child sobbed violently, and hid her face in the bed-clothes. All was still save the moans of the sick woman and the sighs of the afflicted child. The silence was broken by the sick lady, who turned to Mabel and asked her name. Upon being told, she turned very pale, trembled perceptibly, groaned aloud, and sank back upon the pillow. But she kept her eyes fixed upon Mabel, following her about the room. At last she asked:

"Mabel, have you forgotten sister Alice, who nine years ago kissed you 'good-by' in your little trundle-bed?" Mabel could not answer. Her tears were the only reply, as they clasped each other's hands in speechless recognition. The story of betrayal, the struggle with poverty and shame, were now made known to Mabel. It was almost over.

"Get the bible, Mabel, and read to me the twenty-third psalm."

Mabel did as directed, and as she closed the book, Alice repeated, "Yes, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff comfort me."

As the sound died from the lips, the soul too fled, to enter upon a new life, where there are no betrayals, and where the wronged will find eternal peace.

"We will have no burdens then, bless God; no dying, and love will stand by her golden font, and baptize the redeemed of the Lord, who have come up through great tribulations."

The Power of a Cyclone. (London Times.) In discussing the two cyclones which visited the Bay of Bengal in October, 1876, Mr. Elliott, meteorological reporter to the Government of Bengal, incidentally gives some idea of the cyclone forces which are developed by such storms. The average "daily evaporation" registered by the Bengal instruments in October is "two inches." The amount of heat absorbed by the conversion of this amount of water daily over so large an area as the Bay of Bengal is enormous. "Roughly estimated," said Mr. Elliott, "it is equal to the continuous working of 300,000 steam engines of 1,000-horse power." A simple calculation will show that it suffices to raise aloft 45,000 cubic feet of water in twenty-four hours from every square mile of the bosom of the bay, and transport it to the clouds which overhang it. When we extend the calculation from a single square mile to the area of this whole Indian Gulf, the mind is lost in the effort to conceive the force which, in a day's time, can lift 50,000,000 tons! Yet it would be easy to show that such figures, fabulous as they seem, do not adequately represent the cyclone forces of a single storm.

Why the Turkeys Suffer. (Burlington Hawk-Eye.) Roaming Robert was in Nebraska, when the following conversation took place:

"They have grasshoppers in this State, haven't they?" asked the tall, thin passenger.

"Grasshoppers," repeated the tall, thin passenger, rather timidly.

"Why," he asked, "are you afraid of them?"

The tall, thin passenger said: "Yes, as was I afraid of them, but he heard that they ate up all the crops."

"Oh," said the brakenman, with a touch of sarcasm in his manner. "They eat up all the crops, do they? Now, listen here, you needn't take my word for it, but just go to the records of the department of agriculture, and you will see that in 1879, one county in the State of Nebraska

ka, Fillmore County, raised 52,822 bushels of wheat, 870,244 bushels of corn, 168,973 bushels of oats, 53,391 bushels of potatoes, 94 tons of Hungarian, 160,881 bushels of barley, 3,301 bushels of flax, 410 gallons of sorghum, 36,363 bushels of rye, with less than 100,000 acres under cultivation in the county. Now, if the grasshoppers ate up all the crops and the figures represent merely the surplus of one county, the people of three or four counties in Nebraska can afford to give the grasshoppers the crops, and feed the people of the United States on the surplus. Grasshoppers! Why, look here, there were two or three of our boys went fishing last Sunday, and they hunted all over three townships of Sherman County for some grasshoppers for bait, and then at last they had to dig in the bank of the creek for worms. Why, that's the only reason turkeys don't do so well in this State as they ought; they complain that they can't find enough grasshoppers for forage. And when they do find one, he's so wild and timid they have to chase him a mile before they can catch him, and then what is one grasshopper among thirteen turkeys?"

"As the New Brunswick Indian said," interpolated the fat passenger, "what's a quart of rum among one?"

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